

GRACE GREENWOOD IN LONDON

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal.

We knew but two English seaside resorts—Brighton and Margate—both very popular, but differing widely in character. We once spent some time at Brighton, which was certainly very stupidly. We had no friends with us, and as for a chance acquaintance with any one on the pier or esplanade, it was not to be thought of. Crowds were there of those stupid, almost unsympathetic people imaginable.

They move on forever in Brighton—on their good, golden, servable, scruffy feet or on their backs. Sometimes men walk with false teeth, water, mater, brass nose, fair dachshund, womanhood as silent and joyless as a Rimbald boarding-school. Sometimes they paused near the sea, and gazed at the waves, and then, as they stood on us true British State stony blank, yet stern, which seemed to say, "I don't see you, you know," we didn't like your looks. And so they went on bravely, and never saw where we of artists, how well you understand and paint this sort of people!

Brighton is a poorer place than it was in the days of the great Prince Regent, but not so jolly as when under his rollicking regime. The only rollers here now are the waves. It was generally too rough for comfortable bathing, and rather too noisy for quietude. But it was brave and beautiful, usually came back silent and subdued, having suffered a sea change into something Hump and strange.

"What do you think?" I asked a little sea-side man advised us not to go to, or Margate, and he said, "It's a place."

The ladies ran a potato race. A number of potatoes were cut in two, and placed at regular intervals along a line. As the word was given, each lady began picking up the potatoes, one at a time, and putting them in a basket. The first lady to finish was the winner. The Pitches, quite an international contest between Scotch, English and Americans, was the next item. The Scotch and English had other games. Marching through Georgia was sung, and then followed the tug of war between the Scotch and Americans. This last game ended near turning up the little finger, which had not been offered to the Neptune. Two strong Americans were pitted against ten sturdy Scotchmen. The Scotchmen won, and won the tug again. It was fairly won by the former when one overzealous comatriot braced his foot on the tug. The Scotchmen were not so careful. On second trial the Scotch dragged our anchor and end man off his feet, and the game was given to them. Excitement ran high at the prospect of a well-contested battle, and the prompt announcement of the presidential election. Representatives of the four candidates were called upon to make speeches. Lots of fun and amusement was caused. In the grand representative of Harrison had, I am proud to say, the honor of being elected to go along with me from home a large portrait of the favorite of the people. The honest

down for hours in a dirty leaking boat, with a sensation in your stomach the extreme reverse of an appetite is sufficient to make a man hesi-

our midday siesta, a young girl from the West, full of pranks, rushed up in front of us, giving vent to harrowing cries of despair, ecstatic

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